




fiscal irresponsibility...



Chaz
 **cvillette**

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/2007-12-07 10:35:00>

MOOD: 😞 jealous

MUSIC: The Cure - A Forest (tree mix)

Or is it really?

Impulse purchase: sautée pan (<https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/B00006FX83>),
and saucepan. (https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.amazon.com/Calphalon-Commercial-Hard-Anodized-2-Quart-Saucepan/dp/B00004WYJU/ref%3Dpd_bxgy_k_img_b).

Yes, I probably shouldn't have. But, um.

Fairly nice kitchen stuff. Really really really cheap. And I'll be able to pass them on to Falkner's kids or grandkids, likely.

Unless I find some strange woman out there who is willing to make babies with a guy who vanishes to go off and do horribly dangerous things fifteen or twenty times a year.

Considering that I can't even figure out the logistics of a cat.... I think I'd better hope Rebekah and/or Deborah grow up chefs, or raise a few.

Actually, I think I have a pretty good shot ~~at corrupting~~ with Bekk.



[locked] Dream Journal

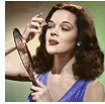
All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Bennett, Bennett, Bennett

29 comments



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 15:38:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

does this mean you're retiring the foil-wrapped brick you used to hold down the one-size-fits-all slightly-warped frying pan lid?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 15:47:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not if I need two covered frying pans at once, it doesn't. Besides, cast iron frypans pans don't come with lids, and sometimes you need to cover one, and repurposed plates get *hot* and can break.

And hey! Foil-wrapped bricks have many culinary uses. I subscribe to the Alton Brown theory: if it's a unitasker, it has no place in the kitchen.

Still, my kitchen equipment is getting awfully grown up. I hope I don't forget how to improvise.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 17:42:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Someone could make a ton o' money addressing the aftermarket cast iron frying pan lid problem.

Scored two heavy stainless saucepans and a soup pot at Le Targét years ago, from the Calphalon low-end line. They all came with tempered glass lids. The soup pot lid fit my small castiron frying pan.

The rejoicing could be heard a block away.

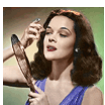


 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 17:51:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Le Targét! They have nice sheets, too. I suspect everybody in North America has a set of the same-color-stripe wine-red 400-thread-count cotton ones by now.

(I cannot believe I am old enough to have this conversation.)



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:25:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Dunno about you, but when I come off the job I want to walk in my front door and say, "Oh, look! I do not live in HELL!"

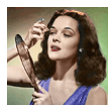


 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:26:42 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Just work there.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:34:45 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

And lotsa people do that. Just think! We could work for Microsoft! Or the city of Philadelphia!

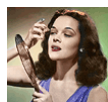


 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:41:35 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Or the TSA.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 20:23:46 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It would be a relief to come home to a REFRIGERATOR BOX.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 15:42:35 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You're corrupting Mom's kids? I've never even SEEN her kids, beyond the photos in her office. Has anyone else? Have you? Are you chatting them up on the internet or something?

Gawd, the things I miss around here. (Like, where the doughnut went.)



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 15:55:16 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Um. Actually, I stayed at their house for two weeks last year. Bekk didn't want to go on the family vacation, and the deal was she could stay home if a trusted grownup would come stay at the house with her.

I think Mom thought she had the kid beat, but Bekk has my email.

Because I stayed with them for a couple of weeks right after I moved down here, when I had just been recruited and I was looking for a place to live. I think at first it was Dad twisting her arm (Can't you hear him? "Look, he's a nice kid, no family, no people anywhere, and I could stick him in a hotel, but you have a guest room and can maybe tell him where to find the grocery store and what neighborhoods to avoid." And Mom would answer, "So what you're saying is if I don't take him and he gets knifed in an alley it's my fault? All right. But you're footing the grocery bill.")

Anyway, we hit it off famously.

I'm desperately hoping it's "Big brother Chaz," mind you, and not painfully-concealed teenage crush, because OMG the trauma and the conversations with Mom that would result? Do not want.

Anyway, kid makes a mean blueberry smoothie. And emails me for waffle recipes.



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:32:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You have *been in Mom's house*. You have LIVED in Mom's house.

I mean, we all knew she *had one*. Somewhere. With family in it.

But as far as I know, nothing short of actual prying has ever produced more intel.

(Gawd, that sounds awful. No, I don't need to know anything about the private life of my boss. It's just that we know so much about the rest of us that sometimes I forget that's not normal. But all I *need* to know about her, I know.)



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:44:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I dunno.

I don't know much about Dad, or who he is at home. Or the Cowboy.

Or Wonder Woman.

Duke, it's the opposite. An embarrassment of information. Most of it mutually contradictory.

It's just us three who live in each other's pockets.



 [trolldatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 20:38:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

There's sort of nodes: us guys; the Cowboy and Wonder Woman; Mom and Dad; Mom and Dad and Duke. There's also kind of a Mom, Cowboy, Duke coalition that I think happens because of the military service, and the Duke-Dad Too Much Academia thing.

But it feels as if I know a lot about 'em--at least as much as I knew about the guys on the truck, and that was a bunch. And that always seemed like more than other people expected to know about people they worked with.

I am so not figuring out how to put this. I don't think I've even managed to suggest I have a point. Do I have a point? Oh, prob'ly not.

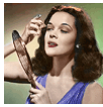
Going back to looking at Springfield MO scene photos now...




 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 20:59:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, I think I know what you mean. There's Venn diagrams.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 21:47:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Getcha. I think. Thing you're talking about = why you work here.



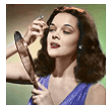
 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 21:54:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

?

Expandify?

D., please don't make me go to Missouri.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:25:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Watches. Sees. *Figures out.*



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:28:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oooh.

Yah.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:29:50 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Springfield's nice! Route 66, Civil War history, used to be a Butterfield Stage stop.

If we go there, of course, none of that will be relevant. So...

...yeah, you're right. Let's not.

I think this isn't ours, though, so 'sokay.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:31:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Um. Yay. Maybe.

If this one isn't ours, where **is** ours?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:45:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yah, I know. Shoe. Great big SHOE. Hovering.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:05:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mom's husband totally brings the awesome, by the way. He is kind of--well, around the house, he's Mom. And Mom is Mom too, of course, but you know how she's the kind of center all the chaos around here whirls around? The thing that keeps us from turning into an over-quoted Yeats poem? Like that?

Yeah.

Also, at home she wears her hair down. It's pretty.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 22:30:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Wow--cool.

That just makes me happy.




 [Ometotchtli](#)

[December 7 2007, 18:21:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Notice how the UnSub avoids mention of the doughnut with a rambling narrative?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 18:22:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, look. The pizza's here.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 19:38:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh. Right. Man, I hate it when that trick works on me. *counts times* *runs out of wiggly bits on ends of limbs*

Come on, I was out and missed it. Pleeeeeease?



 [cvillette](#)

[December 7 2007, 20:01:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I think something happened to the Cowboy's network connection at an opportune moment, but I was too busy eating to see how Hafs fixed it.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 7 2007, 20:25:12 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...

...

...Classic Gold, baby.

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.